

“LEAPING TO OUR ABYSS”

Federico Rivero Scarani

I

DAMNED MOMENT

I feel damn devilish

Through the acres of these poisonous days

My heart stopped beating, because the resentful dog barks the same.

DAMN BE THESE DIRTY HOURS!

I am looking for the “Clock of the Damned”

I want to know what frayed time I live in,

If I live ...

BE CONDEMNED TO TORTURE AND FLAGELO

THESE DIRTY HOURS!

I am not interested in your Love, nor your indulgence,

You are part of the Time that oppresses my lungs!

I'll walk since I don't love you ...

To be alone, alone, like a stick

Like the last angel that fled from Heaven.

Goodbye. Good luck for me.

II

I will follow you to the temples of the future
I will climb the rungs made of onyx or concrete
Something inside me began to frighten me
They are the winds of the last storm
Nevertheless I will follow you because you are my fairy
I will walk groping around sothern latitudes
I will be a well oiled gear, maybe
I will follow you anyway until you tell me to stop
Keep away from my life, my air and my dream
Or perhaps you will offer your days for my relief
In the oasis of life I will follow you, princess.

III

You come and go like the seasons.

The autumn looks me from your eyes bestifful
and the spring sprouts in your hands of flowers.
You come and go although those eyes
that look at you from the photography
they cause fear, my fear of losing you
leaving me only the memory.
And I miss you like the frost
to the dawn of a winter that don't go anymore...
Wants to take me away from you, and I refuse
like the *Rebel Angel* in the **Heaven**
to forget you like to sweet dream
and because of this my song without peace.



IV

I confessed that I can't give you love

And that you can't give me kindness.

But in our loneliness

We remember what we told.

And wish to sigh the night of your long hair

When the musk and the benjuì

of its perfume

They make me drunk with homesickness

For what we were.

V

The cold breeze of your indifference

wraps my evanescent heart

and my melancholy soul.

I fell in love with your ***Demons***,

You with my ***Darkness***.

We were the perfect and envied Hell.

And the Times paints a picture
From which Nobody can disengage.

VI

A DREAM

Blue rain from the sky
Choleric seas
Electrical storm
I am nude in the forest
I ask my self wath to do
But I don't know who I am
I walk among puddles
And a curtain of water wets
My brain
I see nothing
A lilac lighting
A light to the far
Crashes against the darkness
The sea is near
And I miss you, my loved
And nude I go
I am not ashamed
My hands touch the trees,
They slip
I fall on my knees
And I show to the dream.

VII

In the cloudy spring the flowers revere you
While the truth is only visible
Through the eyes of **Death**.
Perhaps the nectar of anguish
spills in the verses,
Because absense of your voice, my sun,

Clamors out from the deep well
That inhabits my soul.

VIII

I' am a **Poet**, I try to well the **Truth** and amplify it
The Rollin Stones sang in the **Medieval Age**
They agreed with the Intelligible Angel to the present
In Prague, the Golden City (Urbs Aurata),
They signed the Pact on the Charles Bridge
Where there was a statue of the "*First Fallen...*"
Because it is said that the most
Have no name, only a beautiful face;
Someday all of them will be the same
They will have their blessing.
She spent a year in silence looking for a whispering,
She, **Calíope**, visits me during the twilight of red hands
If someone wishes so much something may change the stars.



IX

She appeared to me shining and radioactive

Because I'm the last second of the clock
On our skin, destiny is written in Latin
With gothic letters, if I could go up to Heaven!
I wouldn't be in the mud of this aborted world.

And that's why you appear in front of me
With your fireflies in the dream of confused brokers
I find you after so many years, you are change for evil.

You were a fay and now you are a tired witch
For walking in foregain dreams
Conjuring you at dawn I find a light that guide me
Saving me from your blue-sky eyes crying without sap
Like an enormous storm resting in the south.

X

for Keidin Yeneska

I'd give you my blood, love, but it's poisoned by Darkness.

XI

Of the gods we are simply a remnant of nostalgia.

~~~~~333~~~~~777~~~~~999~~~~~

From the Loneliness I say  
you Hello



